

THE SMALL FARM IN HAWAII

By F. G. Kraus.

Mr. Kraus, the agricultural teacher at Kamehameha schools, delivered the following address at the last Thursday Club meeting:

I am a believer in the small farm for Hawaii. You are limited in area only. The possibilities of an intensive, diversified agriculture are unlimited. I have this belief on five years' trained observation and actual experience in the islands.

The subject your secretary has assigned me, though "small" as far as farms go, is of such infinite diversity, I am almost at a loss where to begin. However, my first thought naturally is: What is a small farm? And in this rambling talk, I shall consider the back yard of a fifty-foot town lot, an acre or one hundred acres, agriculturally applied, a small farm so long as one dominant feature prevails, and which it seems to me is an important factor in our plea for and consideration of the small farm in Hawaii—namely, that such lands be owned and occupied by those who cultivate them, so that the cultivator's interests may be centered in the permanent up-building of the land, the community and the state—in a word, to establish homes in the fullest sense of that sacred term, upon the foundations of which rests all that is best for our beloved Hawaii. This, and a more diversified agriculture than that which has heretofore prevailed in these islands, are the key notes that ring through the best thoughts that have been expressed for Hawaii's future.

The small farm, I take it, may be devoted to a single crop or to a diversity of crops; to dairying alone; to the raising of a single breed of livestock, or to a combination of all these which we may term mixed farming, so long as the owner's interests are centered directly in the farm and he cooperates with his employees for their betterment, they being his in kind, and they of ambition to become independent farmers in time, and he helpful towards that end, it seems to me, the spirit of the small farm is fulfilled almost regardless of the area under consideration.

I am deeply in sympathy with the thoughts expressed in two recent papers delivered before Honolulu audiences. Jared Smith in one of these says: "Men are worth more than acres." Rich lands do not of themselves make a country rich. The possession of extensive areas of land by a state is of less importance than that the land, whether rich or poor, should be well populated. This it seems to me, is especially applicable to Hawaii, a land so exceptionally favored for the domicile of man.

In his admirable address upon Nationalism in Agriculture, Mr. Bryant has pointed out a score of dangers to which our present agricultural staple is perennially exposed (and which I would commend for a second reading). Likewise have other able, impartial thinkers reminded us why the "small farm" should be encouraged in this commonwealth.

It shall be my purpose to consider how the small farm may be established and maintained. Two extreme views seem to prevail in regard to the small farm in Hawaii, the one pessimistic, believing that nothing but the great plantation can be made to pay here, the other overly optimistic, or at least making light of the obstacles in the way of a successful, many times diversified agriculture conducted by the small farmer.

It seems to me that the truth lies midway between these views, and that a few have already grasped the situation and are making the most of it.

I have great respect for and unlimited confidence in the final outcome of the splendid agricultural struggle undertaken by such men as the Louisiana Brothers of Hamakua, Byron Clark of Wahiawa, and a number of like men, who have remained undaunted through years of discouragement. It seems to me they are pointing the way to better things and that their precepts are encouraging others to enter similar lines of endeavor. Their men, even in their comparatively extensive operations, must be classed as "small farmers" since they fulfill the all-important mission of combined cultivator and owner of the lands they control. They oversee, manage and make these farms their homes; their whole interests are centered there. It is to their interest permanently to improve their lands, to uplift their employees who are their associates, and to uphold the community rather than drag it down. Such men will foster every civic improvement locally as well as at a distance. He is able, he is on the spot, he knows the reason why, which the stockholders of our large corporations can not know, or perhaps seemingly may not be to their interests to know. However, we already note a change for the better even in the largest landed interests, the encouraging of a desirable class of immigrants to settle upon the plantation lands among elevating environments, to establish small farms, and profitable ones upon the even limited areas the plantations have wisely seen fit to provide for them. For proof look upon the once barren slopes of Punchbowl!

However, it is not for these whom we have suggestions to offer, they are trained to hard work, long hours and to till the soil, from youth up. The small farmer I have in mind is the man of moderate, sometimes very moderate, means, perhaps, but with a good store of intelligence and perseverance; agriculturally inclined, perhaps already trained, a resident, or about to become one, and take his chances with us for better or for worse. To him I would say: We have land and opportunity for a hundred thousand like you. We can produce anything under the sun provided you go at the matter right; but as elsewhere, you need some capital to get a plowhold, a little more enthusiasm to hold your plowed land down, and still more of good judgment and perseverance to keep the thing going!

That the thing is possible under these conditions, I submit the following as proof:

We import every year of agricultural products from the United States alone:

Livestock:	
150 thoroughbred cattle, valued at.....	\$ 15,000
2,500 stock hogs, valued at.....	25,000
100 horses, valued at.....	15,000
500 mules, valued at.....	50,000
Sheep, goats, poultry, etc., valued at.....	10,000
Breadstuffs and Animal Feeds:	
Barley.....	400,000
Corn.....	25,000
Oats.....	25,000
Wheat.....	110,000
Hay.....	2,500
Hops, middlings and mill feed.....	200,000
All others.....	20,000
Rice.....	200,000
Eggs and Poultry:	
Eggs, 42,000 dozen.....	10,000
Poultry (estimated).....	10,000
Dairy Products:	
Butter, 250,000; cheese, 250,000; milk.....	400,000
Provisions:	
Beef products.....	75,000
Pork.....	75,000
Products of mutton, poultry, sausages, etc.....	50,000
Vegetables:	
Beans and peas (10,000 bu.).....	20,000
Onions (11,000 bu.).....	10,000
Potatoes (70,000 bu.).....	50,000
Canned vegetables.....	14,000
Pickles, sauces, etc.....	23,000
Vinegar.....	5,000
Fibers, Textile Grasses, etc., Manufactures of:	
Bagging, cordage, etc.....	100,000
Cotton and cotton goods.....	1,000,000
Fruits and Nuts:	
Fresh and dried fruits.....	100,000
(Of the above \$35,000 for oranges.)	
Canned and preserved fruits.....	15,000
Nuts.....	5,000
Nursery stock.....	5,000
Floral stock and garden seeds.....	1,000
Miscellaneous:	
Fuel (coal and coke).....	75,000
Bark and extracts for tanning.....	100
Cork, manufactures of.....	10,000
Lumber, and manufactures of.....	500,000
Leather.....	40,000
India rubber, manufactures of.....	50,000
Shoes and saddles.....	250,000
Sugar (refined, 44,000), molasses, etc.....	70,000
Cocoa and chocolates.....	10,000
Coffee, roasted or prepared.....	11,000
Tobacco, manufactures of, nearly.....	400,000

These represent domestic shipments from the United States alone, and while many are manufactured crude material in them is to some extent produced here. The articles might be manufactured here in time and become part of the source of our future wealth.

To adhere strictly to raw products or those readily manufactured, as butter and cheese, how many of you were aware that we imported \$35,000 worth of hogs during the ten months preceding October, 1905? We at Kamehameha raise a superior type at a cost not to exceed 5 cents per pound, live weight, for which we are offered 10 cents. It seems to me this would offer twenty small farmers a gross earning of \$2000 per annum, of which half should be net under careful management. One thousand dollars would establish such a pignery, where, two years after its establishment, a minimum of the above gross receipts could be earned by any thrifty experienced American hog raiser. And this is how he could do it:

Lease or purchase ten acres of land within shipping distance of Honolulu, preferably along the railroad, out Kahuku way, or, if possible, at Wahiawa. Select a warm, dry, sheltered site; erect suitable buildings, not fancy. Fence off a number of quarter-acre paddocks, plant them to one of the evergreen grasses that do best under your conditions, for pasture. Set out an additional acre or two for reserve, then plant the remainder to sweet potatoes, cassava, beets, corn or whatever thrives best with your neighbor. When fairly established get your breeding stock. Twenty young sows of good grade will do for a starter. Kamehameha will sell you a high-grade Berkshire pig eight to ten weeks old for \$5, but if you can do better don't feel under obligation to purchase from us. Then stand back and watch them grow. This is part of your education and the pigs' vacation if you treat them as a decent pig ought to be treated. Now go among your best and most successful neighbors and keep your eyes open. Hire out to the best one at a dollar a day. If you can: If you are "green" it will be more than you are worth; besides, you are gaining experience, but don't neglect your pigs. When they are six months old send to the Coast for a six-months-old, well-bred, full-blood boar. We would recommend a Berkshire.

When nine or ten months old breed your sows and watch them with the eyes of an expectant grandparent, but do not pamper them. See that they have clean water always, clean out the pens before breakfast and after supper if necessary, look for vermin, and in another four months you may be rewarded with one hundred little porkers. Kamehameha would expect a half more and usually gets them. If you are destined to become a swine-raiser twenty-five per cent should reach maturity and at six months old average 150 pounds live weight. Kamehameha has done and is doing better. The remaining seventy-five hogs of yours should now be worth, say 9 cents a pound as butcher stock, which makes a total of \$1012.50 for the lot after your first 16 months' operations. After your sows have rested two or three months breed them again, and if you can see

cream your breeding stock. If you are a good business man you will sell your pigs in better advantage than has been indicated. We are not business people at Kamehameha but we do better than I have told you.

After the second season you ought to get two litters a year from each sow. From this you can figure the profits for yourself (on paper). It certainly seems easy enough to get rich quick on such a scheme, doesn't it? And yet, let me warn you, it isn't as easy as it looks, notwithstanding. Our Hawaiian boys at Kamehameha do better, proportionately than I told you. Won't you come out to the schools and let us show you how?

So much for swine. The egg and poultry proposition is perhaps even more alluring to many people, but from my observations greater difficulties are in the way to successful poultry raising than in almost any other branch of stock raising. Suitable feed is high in price, and large flocks are much more subject to disease here than elsewhere. It is a business of small detail to the careful looking after of which every one is not adapted. Poultry raising requires comparatively little capital, nor is the work attached of a hard manual character. This is it well fitted for women. But expel from your minds the thought that it is an ideal employment for invalids. Floriculture, or apiculture, a hundred times better for poultry-culture, unless you can hire most of the work done. A few, yes, perhaps less than the fingers on one hand have succeeded commercially, so far as I can ascertain. The rest only tell about their doings. However, don't fail to keep a dozen hens to supply your home table with fresh eggs and juicy roasters. If these do well add another dozen, then another until some day you may emerge a full-fledged poultry baron. The most successful of California poultry men of whom I know made haste slowly in the beginning.

The dairy products item is attractive—\$400,000 of butter, cheese and milk (probably condensed) shipped to Hawaii during ten months preceding Oct. 1905. A small dairy farmer ought to be satisfied with \$10,000 gross income per annum. If so, here is an opportunity for 40 enterprising dairy men to put their skill against the fates of a semi-tropical climate. If they are of the right stuff they will win. We have daily demonstrated the fact at Kamehameha for the past four or five years. If I possessed the capital and the ability to make small collections, I should want for nothing better in an agricultural way. Modern dairy farming is an intensive type of agriculture, offering full play for the most diversified faculties. And at the present prices of milk (10 to 12-1/2 cents per quart), it is profitable. A good milk cow under proper management should net \$100 per annum. The record of Kamehameha Schools' crack dairy cow, "Pua Ilina," a full blood Jersey, for the twelve months beginning April 13, 1902, and ending April 17, 1903, shows that she produced 8843 pounds milk of 5.1 per cent butter fat in the 365 days. At 10 cents per quart, \$441 gross was realized for the year's product, and as \$100 is a liberal estimate for feed and care, she netted us a little better than \$300. This merely shows possibilities. Probably your herd of twenty to fifty cows would average less for some time to come, they have with us.

One more concrete example: Our statistics show an expenditure of \$36,000 for oranges from California alone in less than a year! Now, I am as loyal a Californian as a native son of the Golden West can be, and yet I must admit that I've tasted as well-flavored Hawaiian-grown oranges as California ever shipped to us. (I'm a little suspicious she hasn't sent us the best she grows, though.) The only trouble is that they contain a few too many seeds compared to the Washington navel, but a Burbank would breed out these non-essential seeds within a few years. That is what we need in Hawaii, a Burbank; yes, there is work of a high order for a Burbank among us. I wish he could be induced to visit us, if only for a month or two. Such a visit would repay the expense a hundredfold in inspiration alone. And his co-operation in the slightest degree would be priceless to our horticultural interests. Can not something be done in this direction by our Commission of Agriculture and Forestry? It is worth while.

Has it ever occurred to you that our very isolation might be made one of our greatest assets in an agricultural way? The opportunities for the creation of new tropical fruits and the improvement of old varieties is intensified because of this seclusion, which is one of our best guards against contamination. Imagine the great gains that must accrue from the introduction of each new and improved fruit; the same would be true of live stock. For example, note the wealth that has come to the Isle of Jersey because of her splendid cattle that could not have been maintained under any other condition than such as they and we possess. It is a field as yet unexplored in our Territory. Will not our Legislature show its keen insight and public spiritedness in dealing generously with our experiment station, if we urge upon it the necessity for the establishment of a plant-breeding garden in connection with the valuable work already undertaken? Ten thousand dollars could not be better expended than to give this line of work a start.

A new era is before us if the Government will lend a hand. I would further suggest that our Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry enlarge upon their official journal—"The Hawaiian Forester and Agriculturist." It is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. The editor deserves great credit for the publication he is giving us under adverse conditions. I doubly appreciate his work in this connection from my knowledge of the difficulty he has in getting the stuff I've been contributing to its pages from month to month. But when I apologize, as I sometimes

do, if that is true, he has my heartfelt sympathy. It seems to me a publication after the style of "The Agricultural Gazette of New South Wales" would be of great educational value to our small farmers and stimulate the interest of those who are sluggish in the matter. Such a publication would cost more, but it is worth more, and I believe the subscription lists could be doubled if the journal were enlarged and illustrated so that its cost became twice as much as at present.

This matter of agricultural education and training is a matter the Government can well afford to give a little more attention to. If the curriculum of our rural schools is already overloaded, then have an expert educator prune it down and graft or bud an agricultural twig here and there. A good way to develop an agricultural people is to train our youth in the principles and best practices of agriculture. Farming is more and more becoming a business and profession requiring the shrewdness of law, the technical training of medicine, the uprightness of theology, and as much brains and resourcefulness as pedagogy. These are good foundation stones, and we can not too early lay them for the good of our youth.

I am sometimes asked: "If agriculture is such a good thing, and your school is such a wonderful place, why in thunder don't you turn out some good farmers?" Well, so we do—fully two per cent. of those who specialize in agriculture—and that is a hundred per cent. more than some of our colleges are turning out of good lawyers, doctors, theologians and pedagogues. It's because God made farmers.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SWEPT TO DEATH

The story of the loss of the Valencia, on the coast of Vancouver Island, and of why there were neither women nor children among those saved, is thus told in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer by Frank Lehm, freight clerk of the wrecked vessel:

"When the ship first struck there was wild excitement. The screams of men, women and children mingled in awful chorus with the shriek of the wind, the dash of the rain and the roar of the breakers. It was pandemonium. The shouts of the officers could hardly be heard, and the rush of the passengers as they ran hither and thither created a confusion which for a time seemed uncontrollable. Women came from their staterooms half-clad, dragging children by the hands, or clasping babies to their breasts; men clad only in their night attire sprang from their berths and rushed to the boats, only to be beaten back by the officers and sailors, who were doing their best to restore order and control the 140 odd people. Children became lost from their mothers; wives lost track of their husbands; all ran here and there, seeking for each other and for safety. God only knows how many were swept away as soon as they touched the deck. Great seas broke over the ship as soon as she struck the second time, and when she drifted back on the reef stern on the seas raked her from fore to aft, carrying everything before them. Never have I seen such waves. They appeared to be as high as the mast head. One after another in rapid succession they rolled over us and people were carried away in bunches. Their agonized shrieks could be heard above all the fiendish roar of the wind and sea. BEGAN TO BREAK UP AT ONCE.

"The vessel began to break up almost as soon as she struck. There was never built a ship which could have withstood the terrible rush and force of these waves. She ground and pounded and chafed against the rocks, and every minute something broke loose. As quickly as possible the women and children were placed in the rigging. How some of the women, clad only in their nightdresses, stood the icy wind and rain and sea as long as they did was a mystery to me. The sight was terrible. To see these fragile creatures clinging to the almost frozen ropes, standing on a ratline in their bare feet and possible clasping in their arms a little child, endeavoring to shield it as much as possible from the gale, fairly wrung our hearts.

"When order was somewhat restored Capt. Johnson gave the order to get out the port amidships boat. The men worked with a will and risked their lives a dozen times over in the effort to get the craft launched. They would cling to the ropes while a great wave swept over the wreck, and as soon as the water subsided would get to work on the craft again. As soon as it was free from the ship and hanging in the davits a great breaker smashed her to kindling wood and carried away some of the sailors who were handling the craft. The port quarter boat was then tried, and after repeating the same performance it was also crushed against the vessel's side, breaking like an eggshell.

"Try the starboard quarter boat."

"When the captain, and with a will the men rushed to this boat and loosed her from the lashings. Working between waves and watching their chance, the sailors finally succeeded in swinging her clear.

"Women and children first," was the cry of the officers, and from the rigging the poor frozen creatures were tenderly, if roughly, lifted down and placed in the boat. Some of them were weeping, most of them were praying and it was well that they did. Only enough men to manage the craft went on board. There was no rush. The officers were prepared to stop it with bullets if it had occurred, but the passengers seemed endeavoring to see who could be the most self-sacrificing. At last the boat was loaded. Fathers cried good-bye to their children and husbands bade adieu to their wives. Few words could be heard above the

noise of the surging waves. That picture of the crowded boat as she swung from the davits with its load of women, children and a few men, burned itself in my brain. I can see them even now, there in the dark water, with its angry sweep and crest of foam, the black cliffs only a hundred yards away where the spray dashed up a hundred feet, and the wreck with its burden of suffering humanity. Oh, it was awful!

"SPILLED OUT LIKE PEBBLES.

"Then the order was given to lower away. Skillfully the sailors started, watching their chance and guiding the craft with great care. Suddenly a cry from every soul on board penetrated the night. The stern falls had broken and she was slipping. We were frozen with the horror of it. Like a shot the stern of the boat fell to the water's edge, leaving the bow hanging high in the air. The occupants were spilled out like pebbles from a glass and fell with shrieks and groans into the boiling surf. The next wave swept them away, and where the glare of the searchlight played on the water we could see the white, terrified faces of the drowning people flash by with the look of deathly fear such as is seldom seen. It happened in an instant. All was over before we could even move. Thirty persons had been swept to their doom before our startled eyes and we stood trembling and mutely praying.

"LAUNCH A SECOND BOAT.

"The strong voice of the captain, touched with tears, broke the spell which bound us all. 'Get out the amidships boat,' he ordered and the sailors stationed there swung her over the side.

"Get those women down from the rigging and put them in that boat," he ordered again, and willing hands sprang to do his bidding. With skill born of practice this boat was swung from the side and filled with the women, children and men. Watching carefully every move, the sailors at last cast off their falls when the crest of a great wave had raised them high in the air.

"The searchlight was turned on them and we could see every muscle in the sailors' great bodies stand out as they laid to their oars and breast the gale and sea. It was a terrible struggle. Wave after wave beat against their boat, but the sailors, bending their backs like bows, pulled not only for their own lives, but for the lives of the women and children.

"At last they started to forge ahead. 'They are saved!' was the cry from all on board and a cheer went up from the hundred souls left. Even the faces of the terrified women in the little boat took on a more hopeful expression, as they began to clear the wreck. We all thought them saved, when suddenly a great breaker, larger by far than any that ever I saw, aided by a terrible gust of wind, struck the boat, slewed her around in spite of all that the man at the steering oar and the sailors could do, and next minute she was overturned. God! What a sight! The searchlight showed every detail of the terrible tragedy—the men and women struggling in the water, the faces ghastly in the glare; eyes which gazed toward us unseeing already glazed with the touch of death, the little bodies of children swept toward the terrible rocks, all in a wild chaos of boiling water. In an instant it all vanished. One man struggled desperately to cling to the upturned boat, and his set face was terrifying as he battled against the hand of death which had clutched him. Next minute he, too, was swept out of sight, and the searchlight revealed only a tossing, rolling, terrifying rush of water.

"ONLY TWO BOATS LEFT.

"We had still two boats left. The captain decided that it was unwise to attempt to launch any more that night, so we waited for the dawn. Such a night few men have lived through. I clung part of the time to the after cabins, which were crowded with people. The ship was under water up to the hurricane deck and it was all a man's life was worth to loose his hold of a good solid support for a single instant. Hour after hour passed as we clung to the framework of the cabin and waited for dawn. Purser O'Farrell had thoughtfully secured a supply of blankets as soon as the ship struck. These were given out to the women as soon as it was possible. But they did little good. We were up to our waists in water almost all the time, and it was only by hard work that we succeeded in keeping hold of our support. The night seemed a year long.

"At last the morning dawned. It was a cheerless scene. The forward part of the ship was practically all under water. In the fore rigging about forty or fifty people still clung, although how they managed to survive the night is a mystery to me. The ship was washed by wave after wave. About a hundred yards from us loomed the cliffs. It was a precipitous wall of rock which came sheer down to the water's edge. The waves went in with a rush and roar and dashed themselves against the wall in an impotent fury. The spray was driven fully 100 feet up the face of the cliff and was swept back with a mighty rush. On the mainmast of the Valencia clung a crowd of people. All ages and both sexes were represented. All were shivering and barely able to hold out. After a night such as we had passed through I wonder that any one was alive.

"THIRD BOAT LOAD LOST.

"There was a little food on deck. A few hams had been saved and also a little hardtack. This was given to everybody and all ate a little. Then came the attempt to launch another boat. I don't want to dwell on this, for it is too much. Suffice it to say that the boat was finally got out, filled with people and then smashed before our eyes. The bodies of the drowned, which by that time, must have numbered fully sixty, were seen floating around the beach and dashing up against the iron-bound cliff, which loomed so close to us. The bodies were caught by the waves, thrown against the rocks and then caught by the undertow and drawn back. The sight was horrible."

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DEMOCRATS ALL IN THE DARK

"I don't know any Democrat in Honolulu who has any money to waste in that way," said Manager Waller of the Metropolitan Meat Market when asked yesterday about the report, revived again for a day, that somebody was going to buy the Grieve plant and start a Democratic daily in Honolulu.

"I don't know a thing about it," said County Treasurer Trent. "Nobody has been to me with a subscription list—and that would be about the first thing a man would do who was going to start a Democratic daily."

SOUND ADVICE.

Never neglect a bad cold. You can not tell how it may result. A simple home remedy will often bring relief and should not be ignored, but there is nothing so reliable as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is well known for its quick cures of coughs and colds. For sale by all dealers and druggists. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

Bishop Restarick and Rev. Mr. Potwine returned on the Mikahala yesterday from an extended visit on Kauai.